The dialogue with the world ends in silence. The memory of ever having spoken dissolves. Each thought is a trapdoor; the moment it forms, it claims the one who shaped it. Every design is a self-portrait in disguise, every diagnosis a prophecy fulfilled. Illness appears simply by recognition; ideas lose their innocence by being conceived. Words arrive already worn, as if another voice had spoken them first.

Consciousness runs in duplicate, one shadow always ahead, while the speaker lags behind, mistaken for someone else entirely.

Withdrawal is not toward cloisters, nor toward pastoral refuges. Energy still burns too fiercely for resignation. The search is elsewhere: a retreat into anonymity, a dismantling of masks, a forgetting of what once seemed essential.

Reflection itself becomes the great saboteur. It mimics everything, yet delivers nothing. Forms without content, outlines without weight. Its irony empties the highest claims, leaving only resonance without meaning. What had been hailed as beauty, as inspiration, reduces to parody.

The world, when listened to attentively, offers not

legends or eternal wisdom, but the stale residue of centuries of chatter. Walls, streets, and monuments carry only the weight of slogans, appeals, and hollow repetitions. They long to be dismantled, to be spared further misuse.

If the endless din could be gathered into a single head, it would be severed without hesitation. Yet no such release is possible, for

chatter is immortal; it survives every revolt, every condemnation, untouched and indifferent.

Reflection jeers at sentimentality. Praise of song, praise of night, praise of beauty — all exposed as naiveté. The world answers back not with depth, but with laughter.

Exile does not lead to deserts, nor to monasteries,

but to institutions of madness. Perhaps delirium alone can offer the riddle's key. Societies once stepped aside for the broken, honouring those who carried visions others could not bear. That wisdom has been forgotten.

Language itself is a fragile sanctuary. Only because it preserves countless terms for absurdity is there protection against the full collapse into

nonsense. Without such words, every utterance would reveal itself as empty, every discourse exposed as gibberish.

Tragedy is celebrated when an individual dies for an idea. Yet this celebration is madness disguised as dignity. Better the inversion: the day of death becomes a birthday, a release from illusion. Birth itself is not cause for joy but for lament; confirmation, not

a triumph but a curse.

To hold truth and still bow before the multitude — this is the true calamity. The masses, fed by appetite, claim authority through numbers. Giants themselves once yielded, crushed beneath the rhythm of collective demand. Their only consolation: a sudden breath of fire, not to alter fate, but to unsettle, to terrify, if only for a moment.

Desire itself finally collapses. Nothing remains to be pursued. Only the hollow echo of striving remains, stripped of goal, stripped of meaning.

And when an idea arrives at last, filtered through countless repetitions, what remains is residue. The flavour of truth faint, like broth drawn not from flesh, but from wood once touched

by life. A ghost of nourishment, a ghost of meaning.